



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

display. Dublin in fact, does not afford materials for such a species of entertainment; we have no literati, (always saving and excepting the pentags. of the D. L. G.); no foreigners except some language-masters and professors; and although the Irish possess in an eminent degree the *petit paquet de l'art de plaire* when abroad, they seem to burn the book on returning home. The consequence is, that we have in a majority of instances, stupid dinner parties, where men of law and medicine hold the place of the aristocracy in England: their after dinner talk one chaos of detainers, alibis, and ex-officios, or the still more unintelligible jargon of atrophy, hypertrophy, and syncope of the tribe of Esculapius.

We are too social to go to the theatre. We are too social to form clubs as in London. In a word, we are too social to go much into society.

Finally, and not to lose sight of the important object for which this paper has been written, I would suggest to my more happily circumstanced brethren of the south, the necessity of instituting an immediate and minute enquiry into the causes which have hitherto retarded the march of civilization in the regions north of the great flood; and I take this opportunity of offering my personal assistance in such a service. Even alone and unarmed I would undertake to penetrate into those desolate and hitherto inaccessible wilds, if the cause of science demands it at my hands, and I can thereby become instrumental in promoting the spread of polite and civilized institutions among my benighted fellow-countrymen.

As the rigor of the after season may deter many from visiting this inclement part of our globe, I would suggest the propriety of making the excursion as near to Midsummer as possible, and I am provided with an infallible specific against the bite of rabid animals.

L.

PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE.

It has often been regretted that the particulars of Shakspeare's life are so few and unsatisfactory; and considering the industry and ability of his biographers, the attention which they have bestowed upon every authentic record, and the diligence of their search after local traditions, it is to be feared that but little can be added to the meagre sketch which they have left behind them.

We are not indeed ignorant of the moral characteristics of this extraordinary man. We learn with great satisfaction, from his will, which exists in the office of the prerogative court of Canterbury, that he had a deep sense of religion. He acquired a competent estate, which enabled him to spend the latter part of his life in ease and retirement in the country; whereby it would appear, 1st, that he was a man of prudence, and 2dly, that neither the literary luxuries of a city, the opportunities which it affords of acquiring information and cultivating taste, nor the adulation of his superiors in rank, could subdue his relish for the pleasures of a rural life, or his attachment to the place of his nativity, and to the society of men of simple habits. That a person of humble birth should have acquired the friendship of the gentry in the neighbourhood of Stratford, where he was born, would show that he was an agreeable companion; and lastly, it is well known that his candour, good nature, and sweetness of manners, rendered him a general favourite.

There is nothing that men in general more ardently desire to see than an eminent contemporary. Who is there that would not start with eager expectation of delight, when told of the approach of Wellington or Scott? and the anxiety which most of us evince to view a picture of any personage who has been the light of a by-gone age, belongs to the same class of feelings; but here in respect of Shakspeare, we again encounter disappointment. Of his portraits there is not one, of which it can with certainty be said, that it is genuine: they differ materially from each other, and there is no resemblance between any of them and the rude bust which disfigures his monument at Stratford.

It is, therefore, worthy of the attention of the curious, that at a sale of furniture which belonged to a gentleman of this city, there was lately purchased a portrait of Shakspeare, which has all the air and freedom of an original picture; which unquestionably was painted at the end of the sixteenth, or in the very beginning of the seventeenth century; and which is more in harmony with the character of our great dramatist, than any of his engraved likenesses.

This portrait, which is painted on pannel, exhibits considerable ability in its execution, and is probably the work of Vansomer. It represents a man under forty years of age, with a countenance pale, and an expression contemplative and grave. In configuration the features are beautiful and noble: the elevated forehead round in front, and remarkably so above the temples, is one of lofty intellect; the eyes are penetrating, and at the same time full of sweetness; the nose is justly proportioned and delicately formed, and the mouth is singularly fine.

It is ascertained that this portrait has been upwards of a century in the family of its late owner. How much longer is not with certainty known; but there is some reason to think that it was originally in the possession of one of his ancestors, a gentleman of considerable literary taste, who lived in the reign of James the First and his unfortunate son.—It has now passed into the hands of Doctor Cheyne, of this city.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY. (In Continuation.)

The landscapes are a numerous band, too many to receive a separate notice in our limited space; but as we deprecate Bobadil's plan of despatching individuals *en masse*, we shall endeavour to do strict justice in few words to those that deserve attention.

LARGE ROOM.

There are only two (in oil,) by S. Lover, No. 8, *Fishing Boats at anchor, county Galway*: a simple strand scene, under a range of rocky cliffs that vanish in the hazy distance. The reflection of the boats in the still water is characteristic of this artist's correct pencil; and now that he portrays these in oil, they are beautifully true. The other, No. 127, *Kelp burners, white sands of Renvyle, Connemara*, is on a more extensive scale, displaying afar off a striking group of our picturesque western highlands; a district as interesting to the artist, geologist, or botanist, as any in the British isles, yet rarely viewed even by Irishmen, to a vast majority of whom it

might still have remained a terra incognita, but for the vigorous delineation of Petrie, who first showed even to our all-prying and travelled eye the pictorial treasures of this sublime region, where Mr. Lover, with a kindred taste, has selected these two fine subjects.

There are six pieces by G. F. Hodson, Esq. H. an able amateur. Nos. 65 and 67, river views in Rome, are excellent. The execution is minute yet spirited: the back grounds are consistently followed up; and the colouring has throughout, an aerial soberness well suited to the majestic remains of the "Ponte Rotto," and the "Elian Bridge:" these sweet little pictures put us strongly in mind of the chaste and classical productions of Guardi. No. 10, *Morning—Landscape Composition*, is singularly conceived, and displays a considerable share of ideality—a wide expanse of mountain, river, rock, and mist, without a tree to enliven its sameness, and scarce a ripple for the eye to rest on! and yet it has sufficient interest to rivet the attention and gratify it in conclusion. The effect of sunshine on the white rocks as seen through the morning's mist is finely imagined; but the *ultra-montum* blueness to the left is somewhat too 'dark and deep.' No. 78, a faithful view by Mr. Kirchhoffer, of a subject which combines all the features requisite to make up a full and well-coloured landscape: the foliage is touched with freedom and delicacy, and the quiet motion and transparency of the stream, are very happily arrayed. Mr. K. is not *peculiarly* successful in representing 'the skyey influences,' together with rocks, trees, and water, equals at the least any of our oil-painters in the management and delineation of those lovely objects. It may be no unnecessary hint from us to visitors of the gallery to state, that we "kept our distance" when looking at this picture, which, considering the artist's mode of producing his effects, has been hung with an evident disregard to the "celare artem."

MUSIC.

We went to the Italian Opera the other night. The Taglioni is very exquisite. Figure to yourself the poetry of Sappho and Catullus blended together, and done into motion, and you have some faint impression of her. Nevertheless her arms are too long. Lablache is a wonderful monster—huge as a house, and his voice still bigger. If the Curragh of Kildare were roofed in he could fill it easily.

The Anacreontic Society were to have given their last private concert for the season, on Monday evening, but the members have been induced to postpone it, in consequence of the gloomy reports of his majesty's health.

THE DRAMA.

It appears that Madame Vestris has been prevented by indisposition from fulfilling her engagement at our theatre, where she was to have appeared on Monday night last; on that evening however, Mr. Ball's, whose performances while a member of the Dublin company last season, rendered him deservedly a favorite, re-appeared as *Gossamer* in the comedy of *Laugh when you Can*; his efforts throughout the play were marked by buoyancy and spirit, and received well merited applause. Miss Paton and Mr. Wood are advertised to appear together this evening in the opera of *Love in a Village*. Drury-lane and Covent-garden Theatres have closed for the season.